

Day by day we are under obligations to men and women, boys and girls, who are considerate of our welfare, and who are helpful to us in a hundred little ways and a score of big ones. We are not true to ourselves and we are unappreciative if we are not using one or more of the many avenues appointed by the good God for showing our gratitude to such. Therefore, I plead for the expression of appreciation now, at the present time, in the opportune season, and not by and by when those who struggle to help humanity will have lost heart by our silence, when those we might have comforted and cheered and strengthened by our appreciation are beyond the reach of our help.

It is my privilege to stand again and again in the house of mourning to speak such words of comfort and encouragement as are given me to utter. I sometimes wonder if the cold and placid face in the casket received the kisses during life-time it was receiving then; if the flowers that beautified the bier and filled all the room with fragrance were but continued manifestations of the loving kindness that were the daily portion of the departed one. Sometimes it is not so. Sometimes those who cry loudest at funerals have been cruelly negligent to those whose loss they bewail. It frequently happens that we are cold and distant toward those nearest us until God sends his angel to lead them into other mansions—then we behave differently toward the rest. We would act far more tenderly, more generously, more considerately in every way, if we knew that before another sunrise death would claim our child or friend.

Life is so uncertain; the days for showing appreciation are so few at most, that these words should impress us lastingly:

If you have a fragrant flower
In your heart's own garden grown
For your friend, and some bright hour
Mean to make it all her own,
Do not wait; the lillied coffin
Sees no wreath; dear heart, learn how
Love's best blossoms may be given
Better now.

Better silence by the casket,
Funeral eulogy unsaid,
Than the living lips that ask it
Lack the word that's merited.
Death reads no obituary,
Hears no requiem; learn how
Praise to speak pre-mortuary;
Speak it now.

Better coffin plain and flowerless,
Holding one whose life was filled
Full of fragrance. Gifts are powerless
When the beating heart is stilled.
Kiss belated, love post-mortem,
Cannot smooth the furrowed brow;
Garlands throw no backward perfume;
Wreath them now.

You never can tell when God will take a little word you may drop, like an arrow shot at a venture, and cause it to strike some hearer between the joints of the harness, and bring him down. Therefore let no opportunity slip for speaking a word for Christ.—
A. F. Schaffler, D. D.

The Mission Field

MISSIONARY READING CIRCLE

COURSE OF READING

First Year	Cloth	Paper
1. Crisis of Missions—(Pierson.)	\$1 06	29
2. Armenian Amphitheater.		09
3. Do Not Say.		09
4. Our Country.	51	25
5. Life of Sammy Morris.		10
6. Choice Extracts—(Meyer.)		05
		87

The books, together with other literature, such as circulars giving full particulars how and why to organize and read, description of books, etc., can be had by addressing Rev. C. F. Yoder, Warsaw, Ind. Circles should be organized in every congregation.

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Each member of the Board is the Secretary for the District which he represents and is supposed to look after the interests of the mission work in his territory. All pledges and money should be sent to the general Secretary, J. C. Cassel, 709 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER

A LAWYER WHO READS

I met a lawyer this week who spends one hundred dollars per month for books. In a case on hand, in which some millions are involved, he has spent in books reading on this case over five hundred dollars. As I became acquainted with the time and money spent to make a legal point, I thought how true it is that the world is wiser in many respects than the children of light. Here is one man spending hundreds of dollars to win a case, and thousands of people hesitate to spend half as much to make Christ known.

A CHANGE CAME

A man in this city, out of work, rent due, wife and three children depending on him, no food or fuel, poverty and despair at work, left and went to another state. He wrote to his wife of his failure after repeated trials to secure work, and he thought the best thing he could do would be to commit suicide. The letter was a wail of sorrow and fear, but the change came. He wrote a postscript saying he had made one more trial and had found work, and now he could soon send for his family, and how happy they are. One more trial is the trial that tells. If you have tried and failed, try again. A longer and a stronger effort and something will give way.

PRACTICING AND PREACHING

Brother Cassel, in a recent article says: "If you have two farms, you can probably spare one; your son or daughter will get along just as well without it." Brother Cassel has more than one business, why don't he sell one and send out a mission worker and practice what he preaches. "People that really receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, do just these very things." I presume he has a

reason for not giving away his business, so have these people a reason for not giving away their farms. The fact is, such arguments are far fetched, and do more harm than good. The man with two talents was not to give one away, but he was to gain others for the master. Let the man with more than one farm and more than the one business use them to make much for the Master's use. Yes! that is what is needed.

THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE.

That is the crying out about the church getting weaker und weaker, instead of growing stronger. That I deny. The Brethren church is growing stronger in place of weaker. Look at the souls that were saved last year. Look at the effort to pay the college. Look at the mission spirit. True there are things that need revising, some need cutting off, others need to be dropped, but such will always be the case for the human element is here. The borders of the Brethren church are being extended. Her schools and societies show this. If men would make the point they are after in some other way besides running down the church, or trying to show her under the influence of other churches it would be better. This thing of advertising the growing weakness of the church in her official organ, I protest against, because it is not a fact.

AN APPRECIATED VISIT

Sister Lewis called to see us today, and her visit was enjoyed very much. Sister Lewis is the daughter of brother John Nicholson, of California. Sister Lewis holds her membership at Hudson, while her husband is a member of Dr. Dowie's church. Our Sister lives some distance from us hence it is very inconvenient to attend services. Some of our friends think because a person lives in Chicago, why we should be in touch with them, forgetting that Chicago covers nearly two hundred square miles. Some of my own friends I have failed to find here, during the last year. Sister Gibbons is now at home; she has been in Kansas for some weeks with her parents who were ill. On Monday night we held a special meeting to take into consideration the incorporation of the church, and a name selected and trustees elected. Charles Little, Charles Meling and Mark Harvey are the trustees elected, all good men and no doubt will do good work.

A WORD ABOUT MISSIONS

The way to get mission money is to find out the needs of the year, then divide that amount among the churches, and collect it in. Here we have a National Mission Board, and each district has a Mission Board or the state President its board. The state or district collects money for state or district work, the National Board goes into same territory and collects money to support the work. Now this state of affairs arose out of the circumstances of the case in early days, but it needs rearranging; there should be one board composed of good men with a live member in each state and dis-